

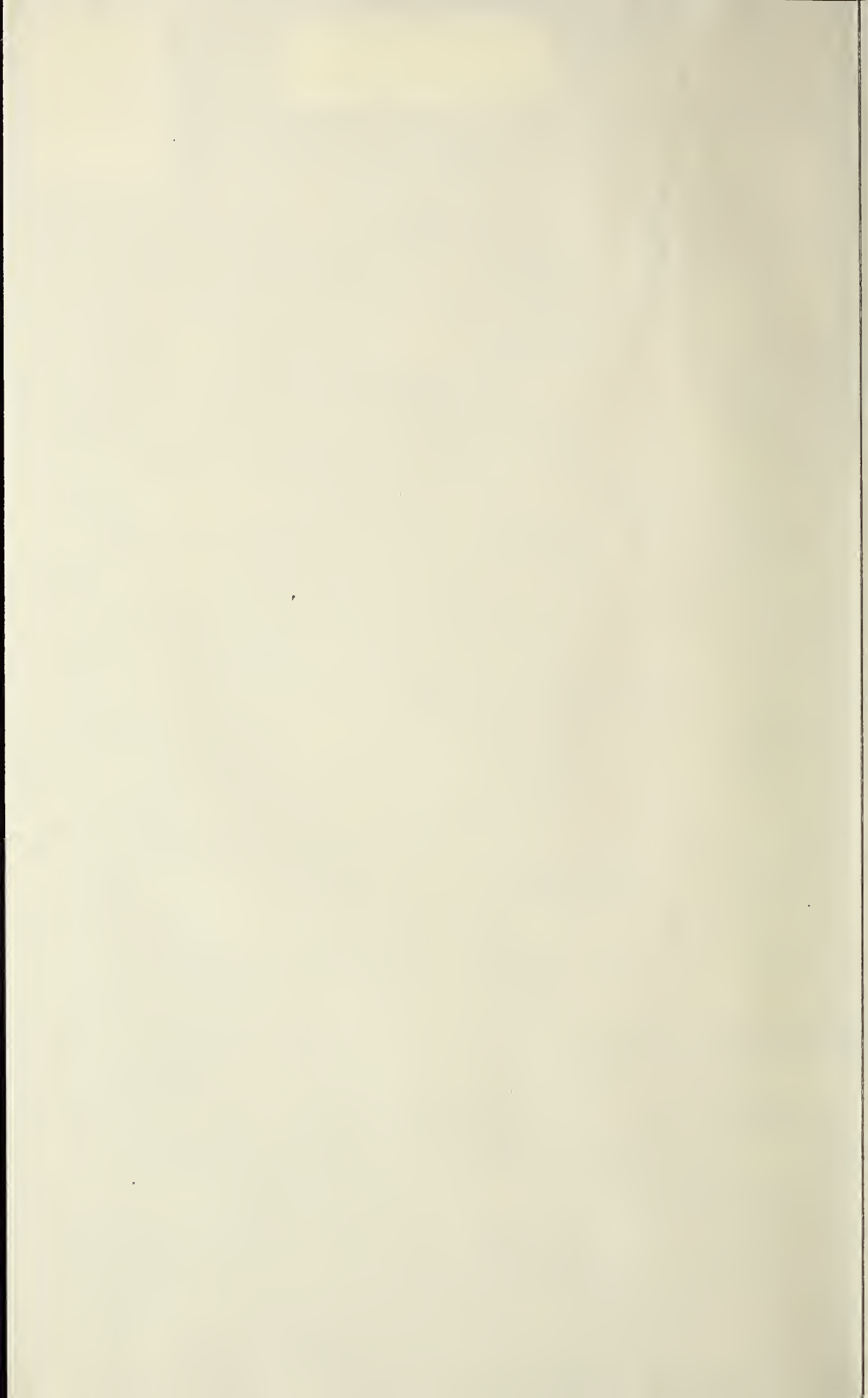
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Miss Emily F. Leavitt
April 1851

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The Lasso

VOLUME III



PUBLISHED BY

SENIOR CLASS

North Fort Worth
High School



FORT WORTH, TEXAS

1915

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ARTISTS



R.D. MATHIAS.
I. KITCHENS.
C. YOUNG.

B. SHIPE.
R.G. HOPKINS
C. BAXTER.



FOREWORD

F Here's THE LASSO. May you have as much satisfaction reading it as we have had making it.

—THE STAFF



ROBERT LEE MYERS



DAISY D. BRUNDAGE

DEDICATION

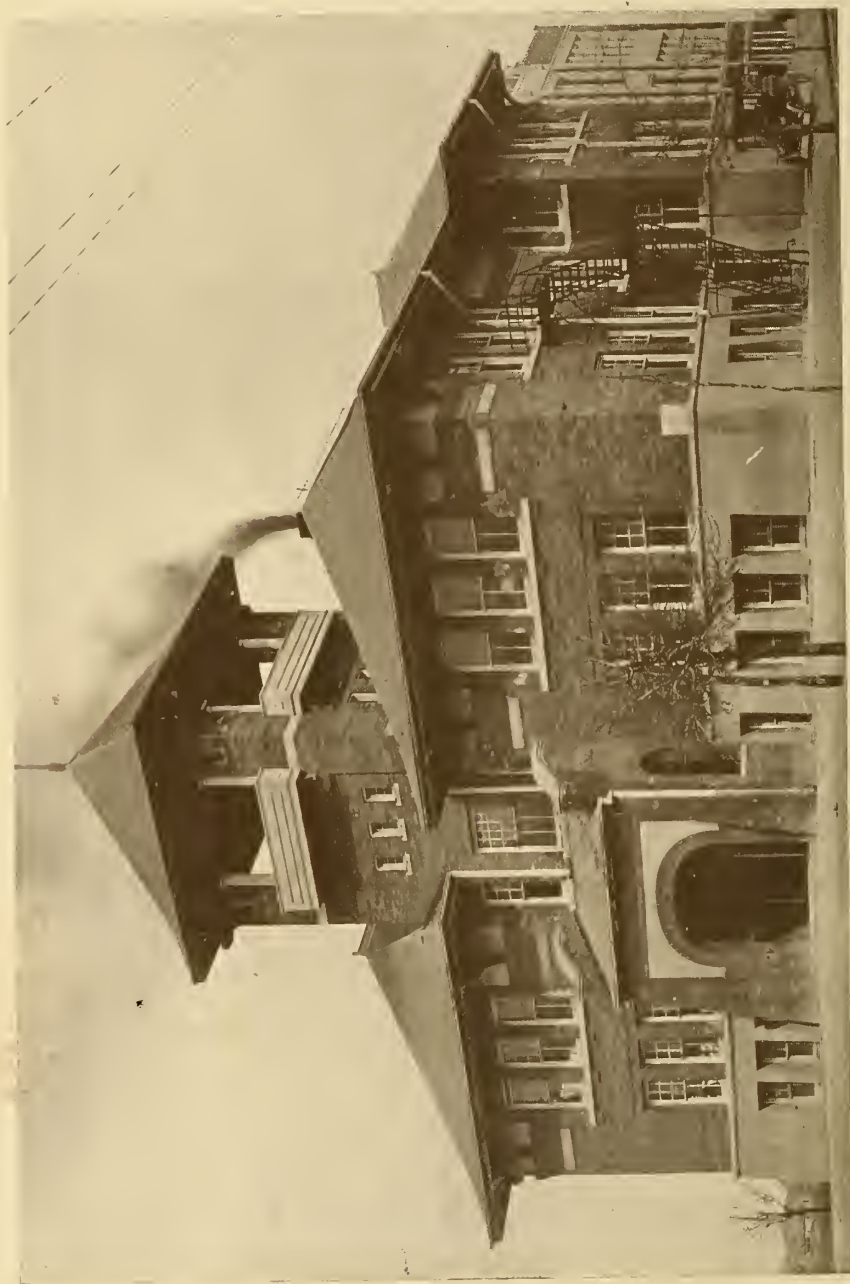
To

Robert Lee Myers

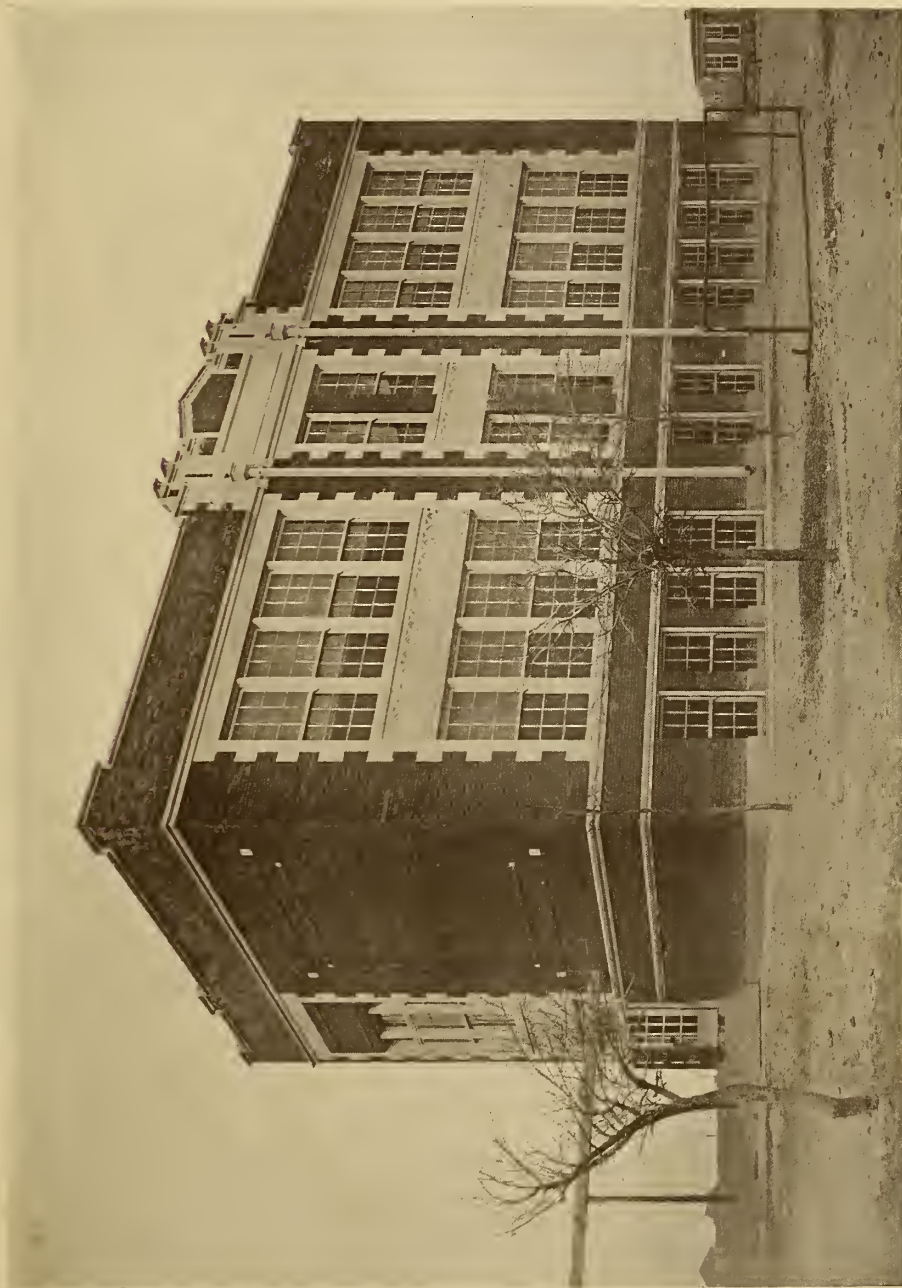
as a slight token of our appreciation for
his unselfish devotion to the school,
and to

Daisy D. Brundage

for the many years of excellent instruction,
this annual is dedicated by the
Senior Class of 1915



MAIN BUILDING



SCIENCE HALL



LASSO STAFF

—1915—



Leona M. Muncy
HUMOR EDITOR



Rohan Bonham
BUSINESS MANAGER



Norman Campbell
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



Earl McDuff
ART EDITOR



Robt D. Mathias
SPORTING EDITOR

Faculty



A. B. FINCHER, *Principal*



M. H. MOORE, *Assistant Superintendent*



J. W. CANTWELL, *Superintendent*



MARY WILLIAMS, *Mathematics*



DEWITT HUNT, *Manual Training*



LIZZIE EPPLER, *Latin*



FRANCES HENDERSON, *Modern Languages*



LOIS McDERMETT, *Domestic Science*



LAURA B. BISHOP, *English*



WILLIAM CLARK, *Science*



LILLIAN STEVENSON, *History*



N. L. CLARK, *English*



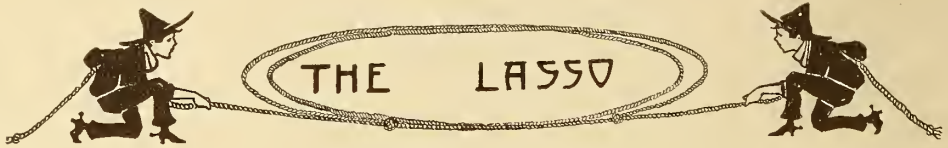
ESSIE HUNTER, *Mathematics*



LULA JENNINGS, *History*

SENIOR





Mid-Term Graduates

CLASS OFFICERS

SHIRLEY BRICK.....President
LEONA MUNCY.....Vice-President
EARL MCDUFF.....Sergeant-at-Arms
LORENA HARRISON.....Treasurer
RUTH JACK.....Secretary

MOTTO: *A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever*

CLASS COLORS: *Green and Gold*

FLOWER: *Cream Rosebud*

Mid-Term Class



Scene in Nancy

A



Edna R Jack

WHICH

VISION



Lorena B Harrison



Shirley E Brick

OF THE



Mary W Davis

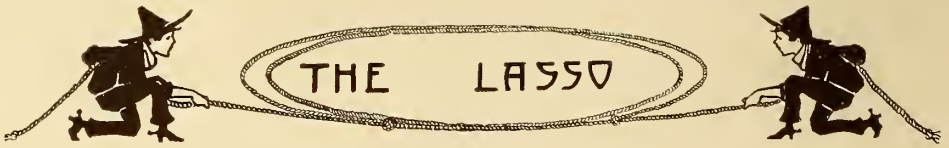
FUTURE



Carl W McDuff



Thomas S Simons



Class History

On January twenty-eighth, nineteen hundred and fifteen, there graduated from the North Fort Worth High School one of the best classes of that institution.

We were the first, and perhaps will be the last, mid-winter class to be graduated from the school; and, admitting that we were not the largest class, we still beg pardon for saying so, but what we lacked in quantity, we made good in quality; and what we lacked in book knowledge, we supplied with dignity and other noble and worthy attainments.

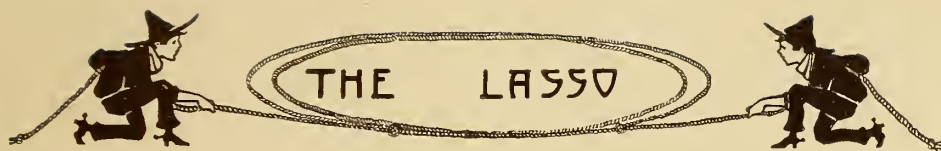
From the day when we first entered as Freshmen, yea, long before, we had set our hearts on the reaching of one certain goal—and that goal to be made of sheepskins decorated with our names.

In 1911 we entered the high school, green and buoyant, with an undying resolve to let the current of knowledge pass as lightly as possible through our brains and shock few or none of the brain cells thereof. In this we almost succeeded.

However, we did read and understand not only the best literature of the Elizabethan, but also the best “literary productions” of our age (speak it softly;) and we did help to win the brilliant victories of the North Texas Champions.

Now, that our race is run, and as we look back over the defeats and victories of the past in the dear old days spent at North Side High, the defeats fade into victories, and such victories as will cheer us on through life. And we go forth into the struggle facing a world that we know holds for us all things good if we are but willing to make a brave fight.

LEONA MUNCY.



June Class

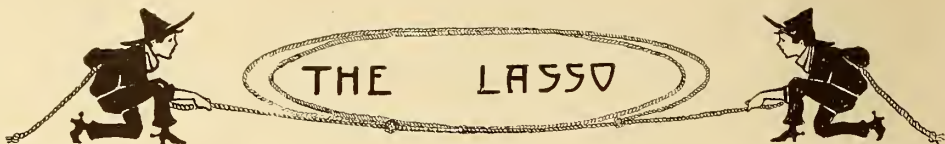
CLASS OFFICERS

ARCHIE SANDERS.....	<i>President</i>
PEARL WHITE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MILDRED KNIGHT.....	<i>Secretary</i>
BESS SHIPE.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
ROHAN BONHAM.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

MOTTO: *When ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.*

CLASS COLORS: *Gold and Black*

CLASS FLOWERS: *Pink and White Carnations*



THE LASSO



BESSIE FARMER.

She's a most exquisite lady.

LENA BOSTICK.

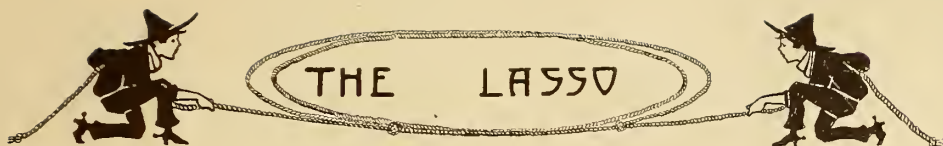
There is nothing so becomes one as a modest stillness and humility.

CARL CAVENDER.

It's a great plague to be too handsome a man.

MILDRED KNIGHT.

Dux femina facti.



THE LASSO

MARY HUCKLEBERRY.

She dreams in poetry.

LESTER WATSON.

*As lazy as Ludlam's dog
that laid his head against the
wall to bark.*

IONE GROSS.

*Tho' she is silent she
speaks.*

PEARL WHITE.

*And that smile, like sun-
shine, darts
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou
art.*





THE LASSO



IDA GREINES.

Wit, whither wilt?

BESS SHIPE.

A bonnie lass.

ROHAN BONHAM.

*You're a pore benighted
'eathen, but a first class
fightin' man.*

MARTITIA REYNOLDS.

*As merry as the day is
long.*



ARCHIE SANDERS.

*Thou art e'en as just a
man as e'er my conversation
coped withal.*

EDITH TURNER.

A maiden never bold.

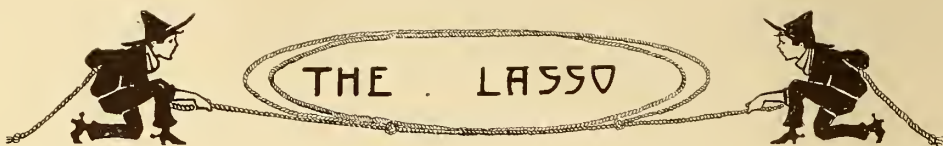
THAD BOSWELL.

*O man of many clothes,
sad crawler on the hills,
observe I know not Rankin's
shop nor Rankin's monthly
bills.*

IRENE KITCHEN.

*And when she had passed
it seemed like the ceasing of
exquisite music.*





ROBERT MATHIAS.

Ipse dixit.

IRENE KENNY.

*The more I see of men
the better I like dogs.*

JEFF ROBERTSON.

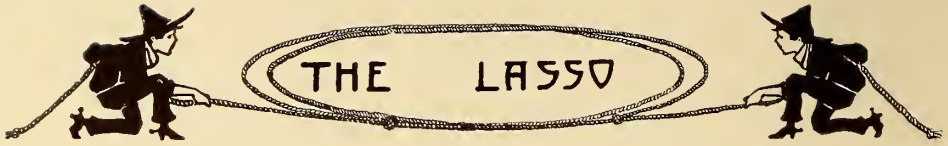
*And then the lover, sigh-
ing like a furnace, with a
woeful ballad made to his
mistress' eyebrow.*



Class Roll

1. Who is as White as Pearl?
2. Who is better around the Kitchen than Irene?
3. Who is out later at (K) night than Mildred?
4. Who is a better (Wat) son than Lester?
5. Who is more Shi (pe) than Bess?
6. Who Ken (ny) do more than Irene?
7. Who plays in the Sand (ers) more than Archie?
8. Who can Turn (er) more than Edith?
9. Who would make a better wife for a Farmer than Bessie?
10. Who is a better Bos (tick) than Lena?
11. Who is as (Reyn) old (s) as Martitia?
12. Who knows Math (ias) as well as Bob?
13. Who eats more Bon and Ham than Rohan?
14. Who is as (Bos) well as Thad?
15. Who knows of a sweeter (Huckle) berry than Mary?
16. Who likes to Rob (ertson) better than Jeff?
17. Who has a Gross of brains if not Ione?
18. Who would make a better peanut (Ca) vender than Carl?

I. G., '15.



Class Prophecy

A DREAM

I

Once upon midnight dreary,
As I studied, weak and weary
O'er many a curious volume of forgotten lore;
While I nodded, in fact, I was napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping
As if someone gently rapping;
Rapping at my study hall door.

II

Ah, distinctly I remember;
It was in the bleak December,
Ten years after the date we best remember,
That I heard this knocking at my door.
Now, I began to think and wonder,
Of the meaning of the door-knock thunder,
Suddenly I saw my blunder.

III

Enter my old friends, the '15 Class.
Now in fluttered Archie; from East to West,
"Sanders' Little Pink Pills" are known as the best.
Behind him came our Mary,
Who her aim in life did reach;
No one seemed more happy,
For she had a license to teach.

IV

Bessie Farmer, with her smile, was present;
And perhaps that was as it should be;
Because as a Red Cross nurse she was serving,
Down in the region of the River Dee.

V

Before me then appeared Robertson,
A man of whom our class can boast;
He's coaching the Howard Football Team;
And he's known from coast to coast.

VI

Now there was pretty Martitia Reynolds,
Who still her beauty did retain;
She was selling complexion powders
From Grand Texas up to Maine.

VII

In walked our friend, Thad Boswell;
Without whom life would be one sad strain;
For without his jokes and gestures,
Life wouldn't be worth—living again.



THE LASSO

VIII

As a teacher of Latin in a country school;
Now comes in Miss Pearl White;
She seemed to greatly enjoy it,
For she translated both day and night.

IX

Bess Shipe and Rohan Bonham
Came walking in, side by side;
"Scotty" could not keep from smiling
Because Bess was his suffragette bride.

X

Then here Irene Kenny, housekeeping,
I forgot to tell you for whom;
Here he comes now; Carl Cavender,
For she has taken him as her Doom.

XI

The man of big business now enters,
He's Lester, Mr. Watson by name;
He's pleasant to all his companions;
And treats them all just the same.

XII

The next of our class was Edith Turner;
She now came walking in;
She said she had been earning a living
By selling her needles and pins.

XIII

Last of all appeared Bob Mathias,
Who had succeeded in winning fame;
He was a member of that Baylor "Eleven,"
That never had lost e'en a game.

XIV

Good will now prevailed in all things;
As it should in such a fine band;
When suddenly I awoke from the vision
Which had carried me to many strange lands.

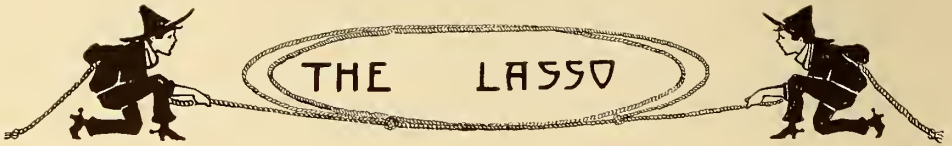
XV

Dear chums, classmates, to you all
My greetings and love I extend,
And hope we may ne'er be severed,
But go on thru life as good friends.

IDA GREINES.

I was there and I saw Ida, our dear little wit,
Whose part as Touchstone had made a great hit;
She was returning from London, the famous old town
That always has honored great men of renown.

L. B.



Class History

We, the Senior Class of June, Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen, of North Fort Worth High School, on looking back on the days of our work find we have made some mistakes, but gained much.

We began our career in the fall of 1911 and finished in the spring of 1915. Three years we were in the Old High School Building and one year in the new building.

The Freshman year was much the most difficult; for we were handicapped by a branch of new and hard studies; all new teachers; and new methods of studying. We could not show up as well here as we had in the grammar school, but we were willing to make the best of everything.

The Sophomore year was a little easier for we had become accustomed to High School work; it taught us to listen more and talk less.

We began the Junior year in full earnest; we knew it was no time for play, because to fail meant another year of work, and none of us were willing to work extra time, or give up our classmates for pleasure gained that one year of failure. This was our last year at the old Marine High School and it seemed to us then that we could never learn to love another place so well.

But the Senior year found us in a new building, with a new principal. It was a little difficult at first to get down to work, but before long we were under full swing and seemed to know that this was the time to make a better record than ever before.

Our class was enlarged by many students who had done extra work and made a half grade. Some of the North Texas Champions were members of our class of whom we are very proud.

We were none of us brilliant, but take us all 'round, we were as happy a bunch as ever graduated from the North Side High. Many the times we fought, but we always made up—so we could fight again. And this was our slogan:

“He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.”

THAD BOSWELL.

IN MEMORIAM



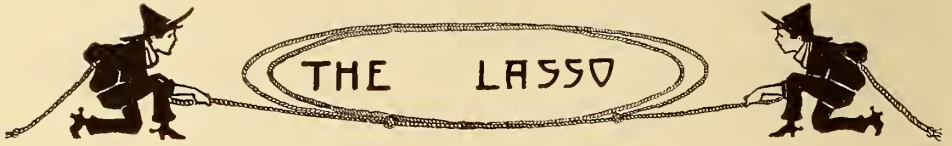
NORMAN LEROY CAMPBELL

"As for man his days are as grass
Like a flower of the field so he flourisheth.
The wind passeth over it and it is gone
And the place thereof shall know it no more.
But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting
Unto them that fear him."

Norman Leroy Campbell, was born December 2, 1897. He died December 10, 1914. Taken away in the first years of his early manhood by the dread pneumonia, his death bears a message of additional sadness.

Norman Leroy Campbell was young, ambitious and full of promise. As a student his work was of the best. As a young man he was loyal and tender and true, always the Christian gentleman, always the steadfast friend.

His boyhood friends, missing him, will realize how hard it is for a young man to die. They will also realize the richness of holding in memory Norman Leroy Campbell, always young, always ambitious and promising, always loyal and tender and true, always the Christian gentleman, always the steadfast friend.



Jack and Jill

(From the Anglo-Saxon)



Jack and Jill
Ascended toward the summit of the eminence
To procure a vessel of hydrogen monoxide;
Jack precipitated headlong,
And Jill
Capitulated
After!

Jack Arose
And propelled his pedal extremities in the direction
Of his paternal domicile;
A'su Madre swathed his caved-in dome
In acetic acid and oxidized papirus.

JACK FARMER.



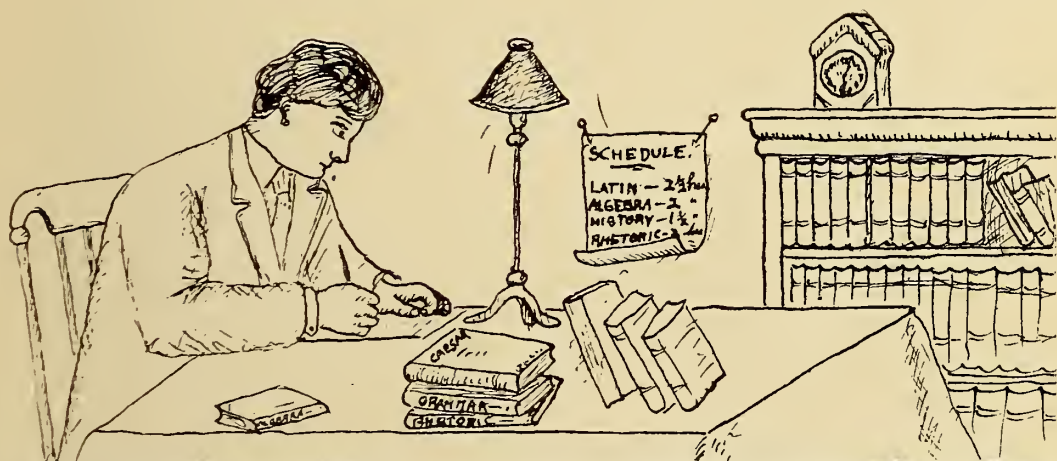
THESE POOR
WOULD-BE "LASSO"
-ARTISTS-



THE LASSO



JUNIOR CLASS

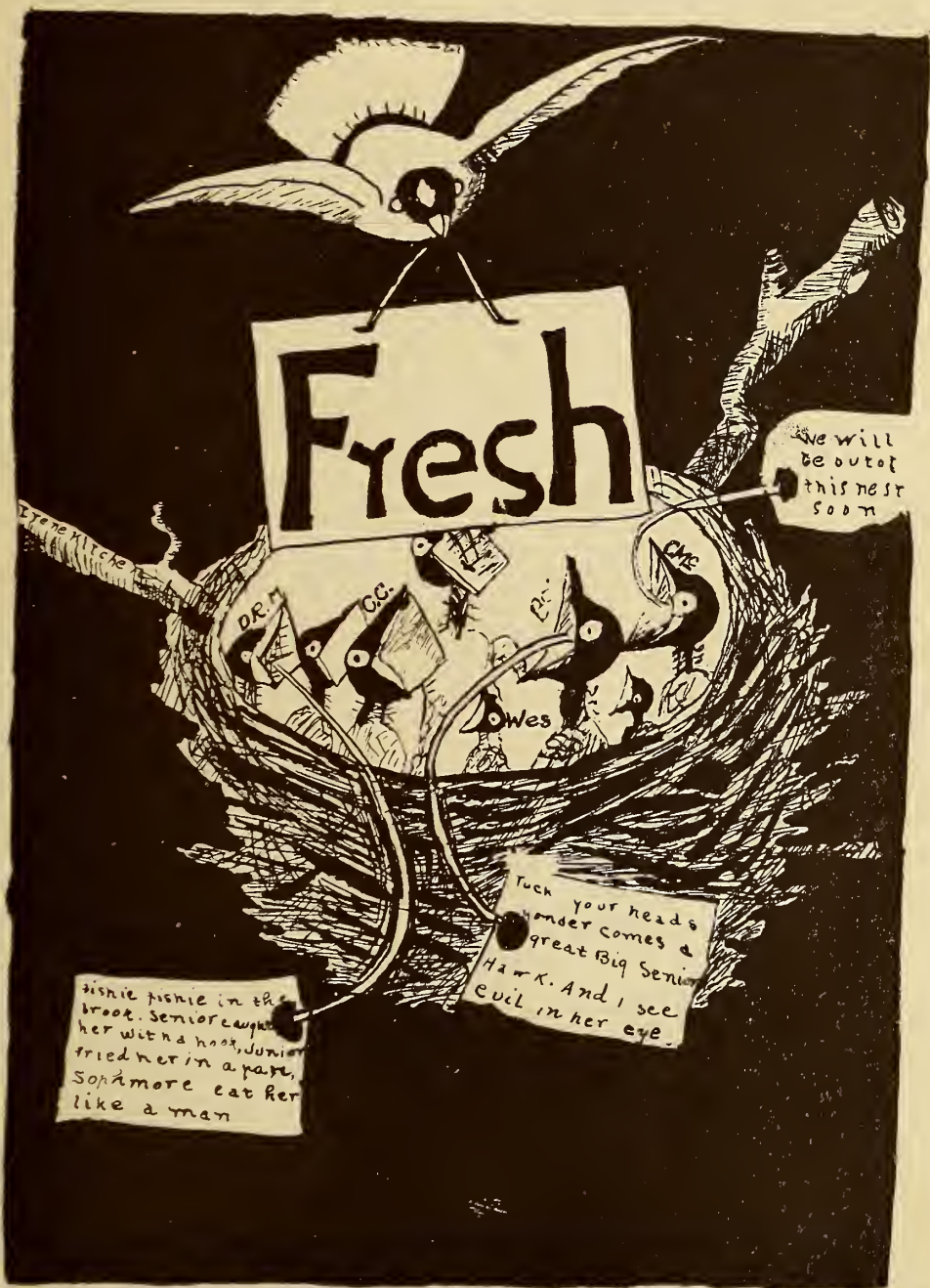


SOPHOMORES

THE LASSO



SOPHOMORE CLASS



THE LASSO

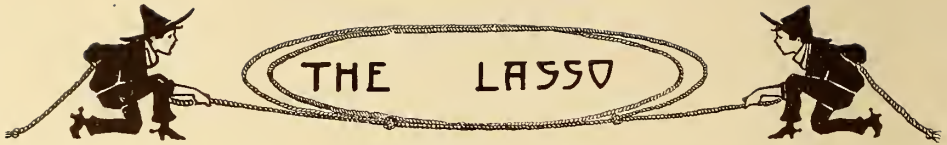


FRESHMAN CLASS

THE LASSO



FRESHMAN CLASS



How to Keep Happy

BY JOLLY FARMER

To keep happy you should never know your lessons, and the teacher should not look at you all the time. Let the teacher move you into a bunch of girls and then go out of the room for a drink, and everything else that is easy.

When you are out of school and want to be happy, you get a bunch of boys together and write a note for some beer and send the smallest boy for it, then, when he gets back, the scrambling and yelling, "Me First!" will tickle you for a week.

After this is done, let one boy suggest that everybody play hookey the next day, and all agree. But when the time comes they are all ready to go to school and happy.

On the way to school is an old chicken house, and you run on ahead and hide in here and wait 'till the "bunch" comes along. Then when you see all of them and happy, too, you run over in the corner and jerk the old hen off the nest and get one of the slickest eggs you can find and let it fly and hit right in the middle of the "bunch."

By the time the girls get all the rotten egg scraped off of their dresses, and can't imagine where it came from, you have had time enough to jump out of the back end and run around another way and get in front of them—and they never suspect that you did it—then when they catch up with you, you grab your nose and say, "Dear me, what is that I smell?" Then let them tell you how some mean child threw rotten eggs on them.

There are many other ways to keep happy, too, besides these.



North High Dictionary

Abominable.....	Tests
Backward.....	Mildred Knight
Cranky.....	Senior Class Meetings
Delicate.....	Dee Lampton
Empty.....	Freshie Heads
Fast.....	"Hoppy" Passing the Ball
Good.....	Priscilla's Deportment
Horrid.....	Mr. Fincher's Opinion of "Hobos"
Intelligent.....	Our Gold Dust Twins
Jolly.....	Jolly Farmer
Kiddish	Chief
Loud.....	Carl's Ties
Magnanimous	Jeff
Necessary.....	Hobo Day
Outrage.....	Refusing the Girls A Part in the Minstrel
Perfect.....	N. S. H.
Queen.....	Miss Stevenson in History
Red.....	Miss Brundage's Hair
Stubborn.....	Central High
Touchy.....	Substitute Teachers
Ugly.....	Senior Class Colors
Variable.....	Science Hall Bells
Welcome.....	Holidays
X-ray.....	Miss Eppler's Eyes
Yarns.....	Excuses for Tardiness
Zero.....	Many Grades



A TRAGEDY



(Excuse us Mr. Hemans)

Our Scottie stood on the shop room floor,
Whence all but him had fled;
The saw that had made many a sore,
Buzzed 'round beneath his head.

Yet studiously and toiling he stood,
As taught to run the machine;
A young man in a noble mood,
In appearance quite serene.

The saw buzzed on, he would not move,
Without—"Prof. Hunt's" consent;
Mr. Hunt was busy cutting a groove,
And to Scott his ear ne'er lent.

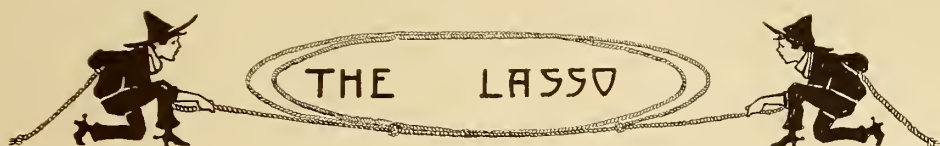
Scott called aloud, "Speak, Prof., speak,
If yet my board is true,"
He thought not that the executive meek,
Knew not of his being through.

Up near his face he heard the sound,
And his index finger;
The speeding saw had ripped the bone,
But did not even linger.

Scott had let his hand drop low,
The saw had taken the chance;
Mr. Hunt turned, with a wild-like OH,
Then phoned for the ambulance.

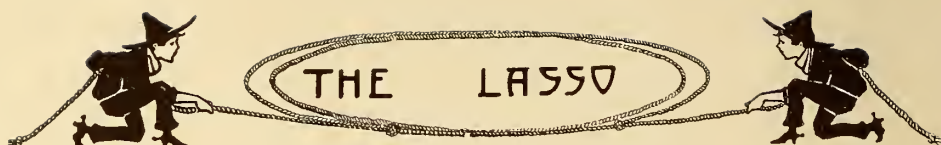
There came a thugging motor noise,
They were after our little man;
And now we're glad, yes all the boys,
For our Scottie is well again.

A. P. S. '15.



Imagine—If You Can—

Martitia	Serious
Bess Shippe	Fat
Ione	Tall and Slender
Irene Kitchen	Flunking
N. S. H.	Without Miss Brundage
Mildred	Embarrassed
Thad	In Love
Lester	Without Something to Say
Jeff	President of the United States
Irene Kenney	In a Good Humor
Students	Without Hobo Day
Scotty	Not Chewing Tobacco
Bob	Advocating Woman's Suffrage
Archie	Without a Jane
Bessie Farmer	Out of Humor
Ida	Not Trying to Boss
Carl	In Overalls
Pearl	Not Knowing Her History Lesson
Edith	Raising a Rough House
Lena	Society Leader
Mary	Not Being Admired



Class-ified Ads.

FOR SALE—Good advice. *“Doc” Sanders.*

WANTED—A good housewife. *Scott.*

FOR SALE—Cheap; my reputation for being on time. *Smiling Jim.*

FOR EXCHANGE—A chemistry note book for a pair of shoes
—number given secretly on application. *Jeff.*

WANTED—More time to go to parties. *Martitia.*

FOR SALE—Very cheap, grins. *Pearl W.*

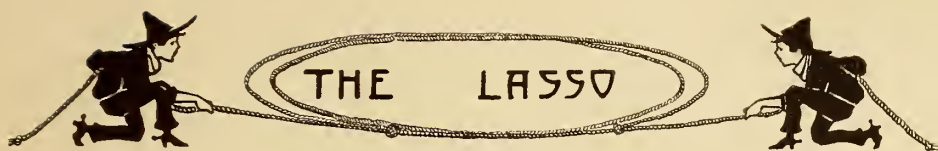
WANTED—Hints on how to keep thin. *Irene Kenny.*

FOR SALE—Secret hints on beauty. *Mary.*

WANTED—The guy who’s been flirting with my girl. *Thad.*

WANTED—A husband. *Edith.*

FOR EXCHANGE—One brand new High School diploma for
second-hand basket ball. Ball must be in good repair. *Mary Davis.*



History Prizes



Won by North Side High School
Students, 1914-1915



Prize of ten dollars in gold offered by the Colonial Dames of Texas for the best essay written on any subject connected with Colonial History.



Won by Carol Nettleton, who wrote on the subject, *Social Life in Philadelphia in Colonial Days*.



Honorable mention was given Mildred Knight for her essay on *Commerce as a Cause of the American Revolution*.



Prize of five dollars in gold offered by the Mary Isham Keith Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, for the second best essay on the subject, *Social and Religious Life in Massachusetts and Virginia Compared and Contrasted*.



The Fate of Hobo Day

(By MARY HUCKLEBERRY)

(She stole this from Pope)

What dire offence from custom's precedents spring;
What mighty contests rise from trivial things!
I sing—this verse to "Hobo Day" is due;
This, even the faculty may vouchsafe to view.
What strange motive, Goddess, could compel
A well bred Faculty the rights of students quell?
What stranger cause, yet unexplained,
Could make gentle students angered at a command?
In tasks so bold can High School students engage,
And in soft bosoms dwell such mighty rage?

Fair mortals, if e'er one vision touched thy infant thought
Of all Bishop, Brundage, Myers and Stevenson have taught
Hear and believe! Thy own importance know;
You are not bound to narrow veins or low;
Some secret truths, from learned ones concealed,
To Hobos alone and their order are revealed;
What tho' no credit to this day the doubting faculty give;
The Juniors and Seniors still know and believe.
Know, then, unnumbered spirits round us keep guard;
These, tho' unseen, flit 'cross the High School yard.

"I, chief of the watching sprites, whom thy protection claim,
Know this, that Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clean mirror of thy ruling star,
I saw, alas! Some dread event impend,
Ere to the sea this morning sun descend;
But when, or why, or how, or where;
Warn'd by the Sylph, O, pious student beware!
These to protect is all thy guardian plan;
Beware of all, but most beware the Man."

All were happy, bright was the day;
And plans for Friday were under headway;



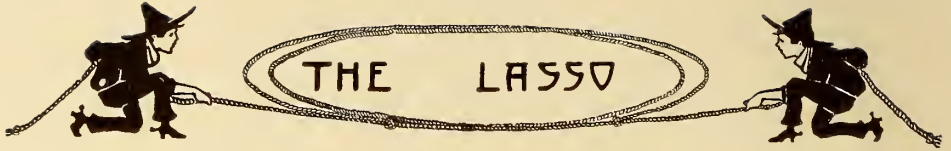
King Scott I, was o'er these Hobos to govern;
And the crown, in keeping, was giv'n to no other'n;
All happy but the Sylph—careful thoughts oppress,
Th' impending woe sat heavily on his breast,
He summoned strait his Denizens of air;
The lucid squadron on the Science Hall repair;
Soft o'er the building aerial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the students beneath.

Ariel, his purple pinion of'ring to the sun,
Raised his wand, and thus begun;
"Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves and Daemons, hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to the aerial kind;
Some in the fields of purest aether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day,
Some guard the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky.

Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain
Others on earth o'er human races preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide;
Of these the chiefest care, we all will own,
Is to guard, with trembling care, our Scottie's throne.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
Our King neglects, or leaves a Hobo at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye.

Head of the Faculty to the Senior's room,
Went raging to pronounce their doom!
With over-earnest eyes, and round determined face
He clear'd his throat and thus he stated the case;



He now broke out; "My Lord, why, what the devil
Z—ds! cursed be the day! 'fore Gad,
You must be civil!

Plague on 't! 'Tis past a jest, way prithee
Give o'er the day! Give o'er the day!"

"It grieves me much," continued he again,
"Who speaks so much, should ever speak in vain.
On this day, this abominable day, I swear,
You shall never more Hobo's costumes wear;
And never more shall our honors be outruled,
While I am Principal of this North High School!"

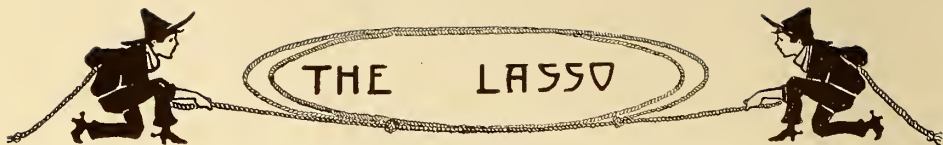
Then see! Students in beauteous grief appear;
Their eyes half languishing—half drowned in tears;
On heaving bosoms hung drooping heads,
Which with sighs were raised and thus they said:
"Forever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatched our best, our fav'rite Day away!"
Then they cast their sorrowing glances on the crown,
But wept not, nor gave a single sound.

And while the unbelieving Faculty did stand and gaze,
The crown was upward, upward raised!
And before they, doubting, wondering, withdrew,
The glorious crown was lost to their glad view.
A sudden star now blazed forth in the heaven
And shown on all true Hobos, now forgiv'n
This diadem the muse shall consecrate to fame;
And 'midst the stars inscribed, be "Hail Scott I, our King!"



SOCIETY '15





DELTA CHI'S



As You Like It

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Duke Senior.....	Louise Foree
Duke Frederick.....	Emmie Pressley
Amiens.....	Edith Turner
Jaques.....	Mildred Knight
Le Beau.....	Marie Betts
Charles.....	Elma Lawson
Oliver.....	Lois Jacks
Orlando.....	Priscilla Sanborn
Adam.....	Laura Bishop
Touchstone.....	Ida Greines
Sir Oliver Martext.....	Edith Turner
Corin.....	Laura Bishop
Silvius.....	Elma Lawson
William.....	Grace Norman
Rosalind.....	Blanche Smith
Celia.....	Martitia Reynolds
Phebe.....	Mary Huckleberry
Audrey.....	Effie Shipe
First Lord.....	Pearl White
Second Lord.....	Emilie Billings
Hymen.....	Pearl White

MOTTO: *Friendship is the golden chain by which society is bound together*

CLUB COLORS: *White and Gold*

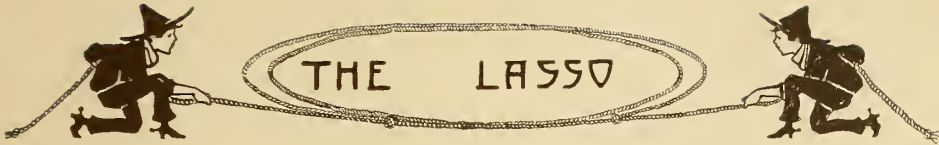
AMBITION: *To Out-Rival the Ben Greets*

FLOWER: *Daisy*

THE LASSO



THE RIVALS



The Rivals

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Sir Anthony Absolute.....	Shirley Simons
Captain Absolute.....	Earl McDuff
Bob Acers.....	Shirley Brick
Mrs. Mallaprop.....	Leona Muncy
Miss Lydia Languish.....	Ruth Jack
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....	Archie Sanders
Julia, a Cousin to Lydia.....	Lorena Harrison
Lucy, a Maid.....	Mary Davis
Fogg, Coachman.....	Carl Cavender
David, a Servant.....	Thad Boswell

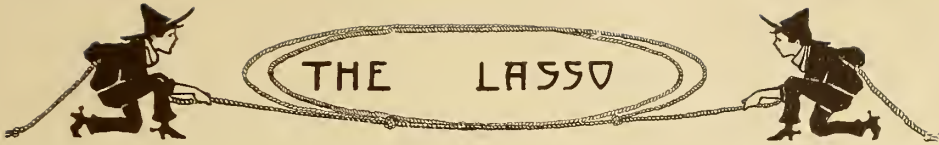
Senior Chorus May 1st

I'll run and fight and gouge and bite;
And tumble in the mud
'Til all the ground, for miles around
Is covered with my blood;
And when at length, I've lost my strength,
I never will give in
But I'll rest myself and catch my breath,
And then go in again! ! !



MINSTREL 1915

Cliff McDonald	End Man
Rosco Minton	End Man
Alvin McMillin	End Man
Jack Farmer.....	End Man
Doc Marsh	Chorus
Bob Joyce.....	Chorus
Ralph Hopkins.....	Chorus
Carl Anderson.....	Chorus
James Wood.....	Soloist
Robt. L. Myers.....	Chorus
DeWitt Hunt.....	Interlocutor
Shirley Simons.....	Soloist
Abe Greines.....	Chorus
Paul Walthall.....	Chorus
Bob Mathias.....	Chorus
Rohan Bonham.....	Chorus
Matty Bell.....	Chorus
Jim Weaver.....	Chorus



Fort Worth, January, 1915.

Miss Archie Crowley.

Dear Arch:

In your last letter you asked me to tell you about all the parties, dances, etc. Well we have had so many perfectly grand times that I hardly know where to begin. Everybody tried to "out-do" themselves entertaining the Football boys.

The first thing was the "feed" Fincher gives the boys in their lunch room. Of course we girls didn't get in on that, but the boys told us about what grand "eats" they had.

The next thing was the dance Marie Myers gave. The house was beautifully decorated in Hallowe'en colors of black and gold. Each football fellow was there with his best girl and everybody had a grand time.

Arch, I don't know how to tell you about this one, for I was so happy I wasn't in my right mind, when we heard about that Amarillo game; well *everybody* was clean gone. We met them at the train about one hundred strong, with horns, whistles and cow bells. Well, child, when we saw those boys pile off that train we just let out "fifteen for old North High" and I never heard such yelling in all my periodical jurisdiction. Then we went out to the S. and S. Club and such eatin' and speechin' and dancin'. Oh! Joy! Everybody was there; everybody was happy and everybody had the time of their life.

The next night the "mothers" gave a feed at Mrs. Hopkins. Prissy and I were the waitresses and we surely did serve them a good old fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. Then we sang "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here," told the "mothers" what a good time they had and left.

The next affair was the dinner out at Bo's cousin's home. Of course, we girls weren't included on the invitation list, but we surprised them and walked in just after the cigars had been passed. The house was a bloom with red and white carnations. We sang and danced, and oh! I forgot, we also congratulated our newly elected Captain Cow Minton.

The next in line was the surprise party at Bo's house. We played bunco and after partaking of some grand refreshments we left, everybody voting it one of the best times of the season.

Last but not least was the feast the girls gave in the lunch room. The walls were just covered with pennants and the tables with good things to eat. Everybody ate and ate, and what they couldn't eat they carried off in their pockets.

I don't know whether I've forgotten anything or not, I may have, for when I begin to talk about football and the trimmings that go with it, I go clean "nuts." I know I'll never have so many good times again. But we can't always stay at dear old North High.

I hope I have not bored you, I feel that I have not, for I am sure you still have a little tender spot in your heart for old North High and the "bunch."

LEONA M. MUNCY.

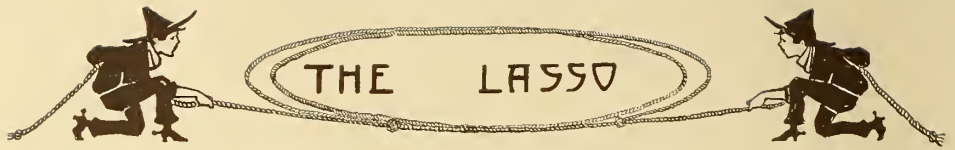
THE LASSO



ORCHESTRA

ATHLETICS





Coaches



ROBERT LEE MYERS



DEWITT HUNT

FOOT BALL



NORTH

Bob Mathias 15
TEXAS CHAMPS. '14



O, OUR LITTLE TEAM!



Yells and Songs

(By the Leader, Leona Muncy)

G-r-r-r, S-i-s-t!
G-r-r-r, S-i-s-t!
North Side! North Side!

R-o-olly, B-o-le-o!
R-o-olly, B-o-le-o!
Dallas needs Sapoli-o.

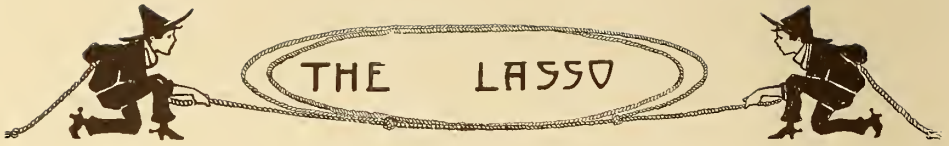
Brackety cax, co-ax, co-ax!
Brackety cax, co-ax, co-ax!
Give 'em the ax! Give 'em the ax!
Where?
Right there! Right there!

Razzle Dazzle!
Sizzle Dazzle!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
North Side High!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Alligator! Alligator!
Alligator gar!
Who in the thunder
Do you think we are?
Never do you mind,
We're all right;
North Side High School
Red and White!

When that old North Side team falls in line,
We're going to win again, another time;
For the High School that we love so well,
For the football team we'll yell, yell, yell, yell!
Then we'll fight, fight, fight, for every score,
Circle ends and then we'll make some more;
We'll roll old Austin in the soil!
Roll—Roll—Roll.

(Aside, we got rolled)



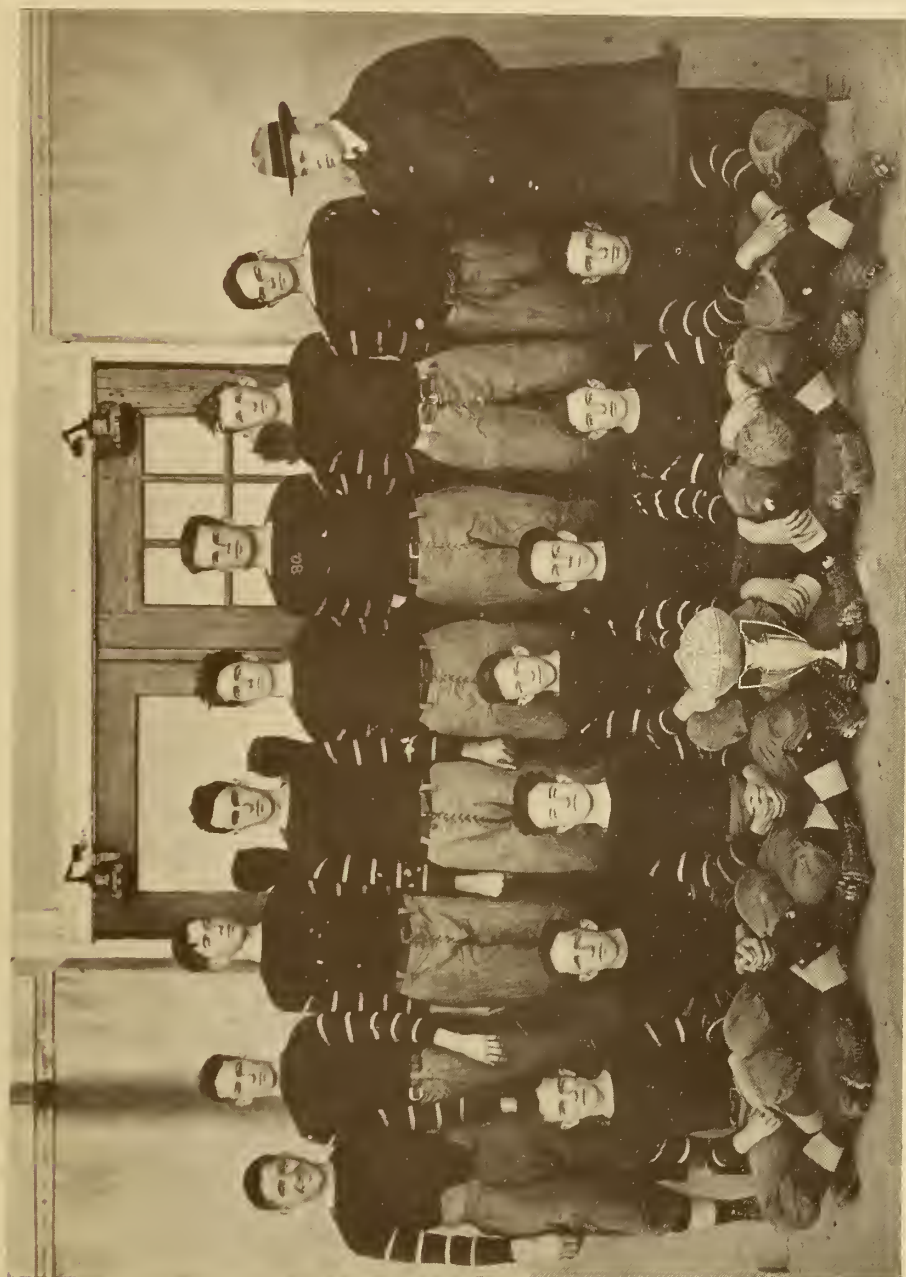
Team

<i>Center</i>	WEAVER
<i>Guards</i>	BOSWELL AND ROBERTSON
<i>Tackles</i>	MINTON AND FARMER
<i>Ends</i>	BRICK AND SIMONS
<i>Halves</i>	McMILLIN AND BONHAM
<i>Quarter</i>	HOPKINS
<i>Full-Back</i>	MATHIAS

SCORES

North Side vs. Britton.....	13—0
North Side vs. Bryant.....	13—0
North Side vs. Comanche.....	40—0
North Side vs. Dallas.....	27—0
North Side vs. Denton.....	81—0
North Side vs. Cleburne.....	32—7
North Side vs. Oak Cliff.....	30—0
North Side vs. Amarillo.....	14—6
North Side vs. Austin.....	0—23
	250—36

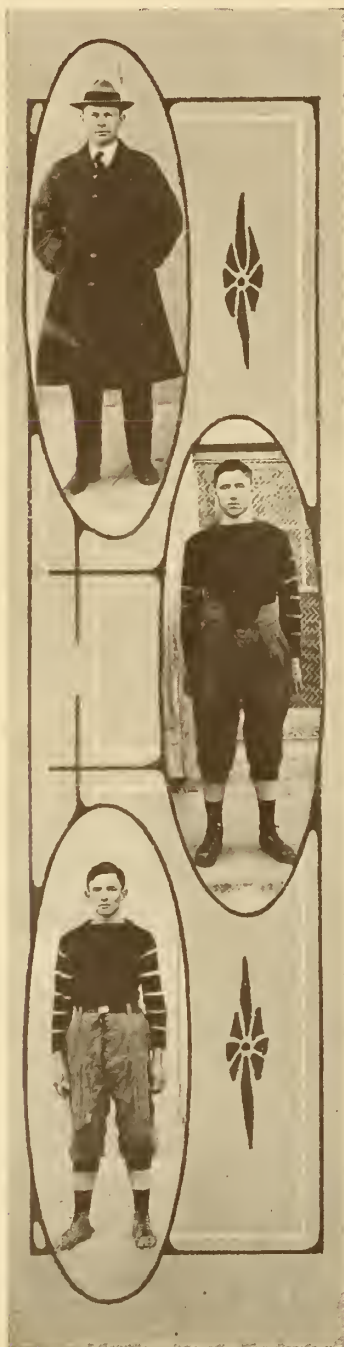
THE LASSO



FOOTBALL SQUAD



THE LASSO



ROBERT LEE MYERS—*Chief.*

Chief came to us in 1910, but his real work did not begin until 1912, when he succeeded in getting a good start.

The following year he turned out a good team, winning 7 out of 8 games played, and it has been seen elsewhere what he did this year. Chief got most of his football in 1905 and 1906, when he played under Coaches Banks of Syracuse and Childs of Michigan. He also has been a student of the game all his life; but better than all these, he has his own ideas, which are as good as we want.

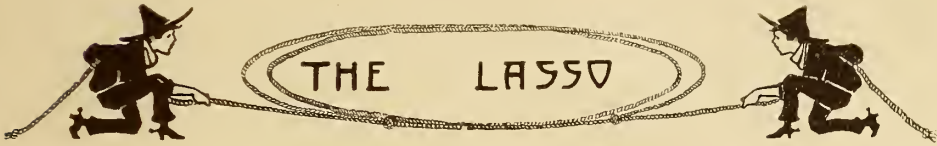
May he have every co-operation of the boys, school and faculty, to make 1915 a banner year.

ALVIN McMILLIN—*Left Half-Back.*

(Captain) With a reputation already as great as any high school player in the State, Bo, in 1914 had his most brilliant season. In 1913 he carried the ball three out of four times himself. In 1914 he *made* the other fellows do it and concentrated on his forward passing which was as fine as anything seen in in Texas this year. His generalship on the field was nearly perfect. Nearly all season Bo suffered from and played a star game with injuries that would have put a less stout heart in the hospital. He held his team up to championship class through sheer grit and force of will.

ROHAN BONHAM—*Right Half-Back.*

"Scotty" was so small it looked like a crime to put him up against so many big huskies, but Scotty really played a remarkable game at running interference and diving at his man, thereby making possible some of our biggest gains for which other players received most credit. He played in the extreme backfield on defense, and how that little runt would come tearing in to intercept passes and cut down runners who had got in the clear!



THE LASSO

RALPH HOPKINS—*Quarter-Back.*

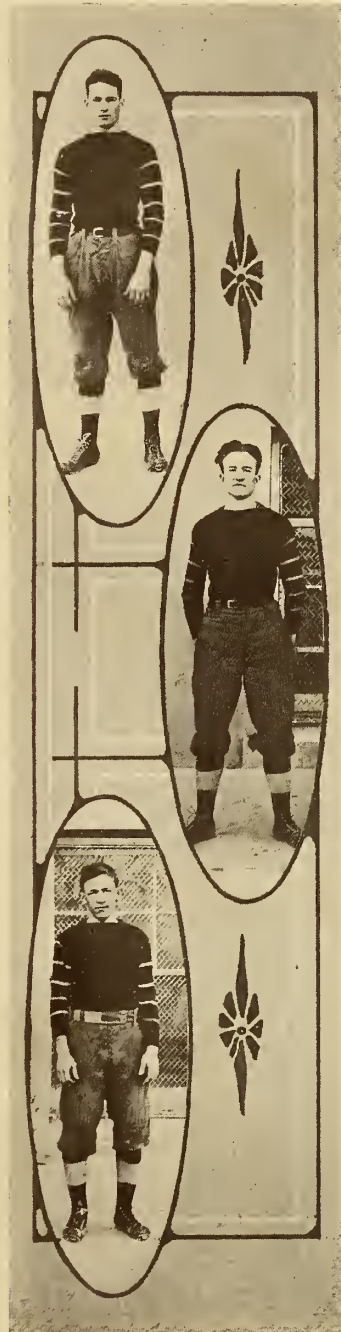
"Hop" played a splendid game all year especially in the secondary line of defense. At spoiling the other fellow's forward passing—and at hard clean tackling he left little to be desired. He has become a good consistent punter, passes the ball well and runs his team at top speed.

ROBERT MATHIAS—*Full-Back.*

"Honky John" was pulled off left end to play full-back. Some change, but he made good. He plugged the line consistently for good gains, received the forward pass in fine style as of old, and improved over last year a hundred per cent in his tackling and general value to his team.

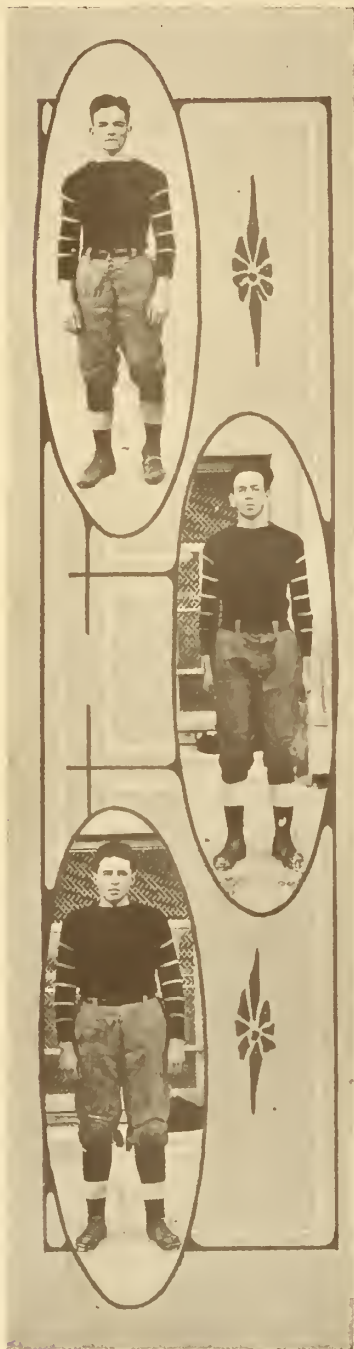
SHIRLEY BRICK—*Left End.*

"Shistle" made good from the first of the season in spite of the fact that this was his first real experience at football. His tackling at all times was gilt-edged, and at receiving the forward pass—well, he hasn't missed one 'till yet—he can go up into the air and get 'em off the back of his neck, and come down with it with his legs going so fast they looked fuzzy. He loves the game and will be heard from in college football.





THE LASSO



SHIRLEY SIMONS—*Right End.*

In Shirley on the right wing North Side had one of the finest little defensive players ever seen in these parts. His tackling was superb in every game, and at receiving passes he was very proficient. These two Shirleys, the "midget ends" will be mighty hard to replace.

JAMES WEAVER—*Center.*

"Red's" game this year was a distinct improvement over last, which was good enough for any High School team in the state. His passing was better, and his tackling much improved. The opposition always testified to "Firecracker's" prowess at piling up their plays in the line, and cutting off end runs before our ends could tie into them. A mighty good player.

WILL BOSWELL—*Left Guard.*

Nobody thought that "Fatty Bill" would ever play any football, but he surely fooled 'em, did Fat. Aside from working eighteen hours a day at hard labor to get in good physical condition for football, and standing on the side lines during his substitute days crying and praying for somebody to get his neck cracked so he could go in and do likewise—aside from this Bill couldn't seem to get up much interest in the game. Bill has learned a lot and has done fine work, and will be better than ever in 1915.



JEFF ROBERTSON—*Right Guard.*

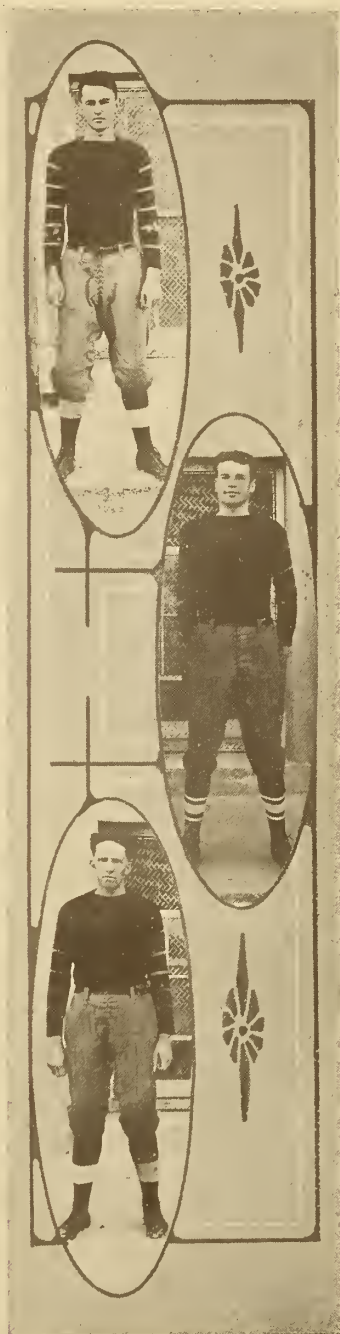
The past season was Jeff's best. Although he could not work in practice regularly with his team-mates, and for that reason was not so well drilled as they in team play, yet much of his work was of a high order, especially on defense. He played hard at all times, and gave the best he had in shop.

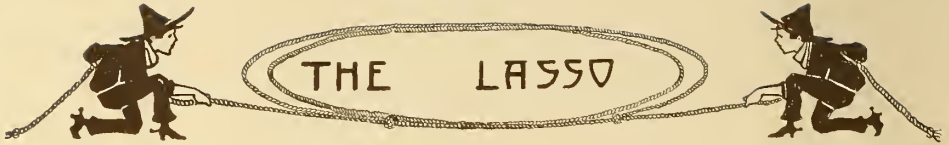
JACK FARMER—*Left Tackle.*

After two years of experimenting "Spike" has landed in the position best suited to his talents. He's a bear on defense, being an artist in the use of his hands to wear out an opponent and gum up the plays aimed at him. A first-class place-kicker, and can carry the ball somewhere most any time he is called upon. A tackle of college caliber.

ROSCO MINTON—*Right Tackle.*

The "Cow" played a great tackle for North Side this year. Although on defense he gave most excellent service, it was when brought back of the line to carry the ball on straight plunges or split plays that his most conspicuous work was done. "Cow" hit the line harder, and in better form for bigger gains than any player we met during the season. He is the choice of the team for captain next year. He will make good.





Comments by the Coach

The 1914 football team has already received so much publicity that little more remains to be said here. To have won the North Texas Championship is a pretty considerable feat in itself, and offers some genuine solace for the loss of what we strove so hard to win, namely the championship of the State. But then the State is big and the Northern half is ample honor for us, and then a record of eight big games won out of a possible nine, and a score of 250 points as against opponents' 36, is fairly good, to say the least. So here's to Austin, State Champions.

In the midst of the past season it was not unusual to hear some one player or another praised to the skies for his brilliant work on the field, and often our friends and well-wishers would go away from our games under the impression that North Side just naturally had the good football players and couldn't help winning. Just here the writer wishes to say that man for man this was the weakest team North Side has had in years, but that, collectively, it was, in his opinion, the best bona-fide High School eleven ever to represent Northern Texas. Not a team was played during the season but what was superior to North Side in speed, weight, and physical strength.

A Coach is always in a position to judge of the weaknesses of his team. Our Championship Team had many weaknesses, which were serious, and too numerous to mention here. And yet in spite of these weaknesses—in spite of all these things—we were consistent winners. Why?

The answer is to be found not alone in the fact that North Side was well-grounded in the rudiments of the game, and well trained in football knowledge—so were the other teams. We had beautiful team work and some first-class plays—but so had the other teams. The real secret of the team's success, the true reason why our boys played away above form all season was because of the spirit of brotherly love that existed between each and every fellow that had on a uniform. The Coach has known something of this sort of thing at college, but never in his life has it been his privilege to witness such mutual devotion and consecration to a common cause as was shown by the members of the North Side High School football team of 1914. No sacrifice or act of self-denial was too great if it was for the good of the team. The Coach and Captain were given absolute confidence and obedience in everything. The regimen of coaching and training was most exacting—but there was no



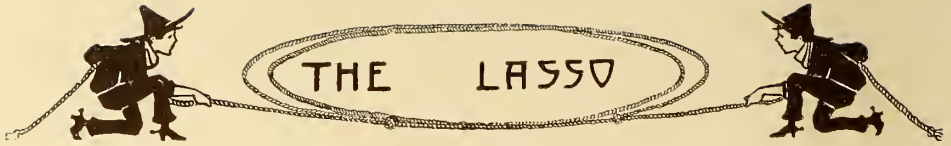
loafing, no disobedience, no four-flushing, but loyalty and unselfishness everywhere. It was the spirit that was bound to win.

The writer knows that on paper we were no better than any of the teams we defeated. And some of those teams were better than we—on paper. It was the North Side's unconquerable spirit, the love for each other, that would give the last gasp of breath that won the victories rather than superior physique or playing ability. We won the North Texas Championship by beating Amarillo. Nothing but nerve and brains and brotherly love won that game—Amarillo had us discounted everywhere else. It's the finest thing in the world—that spirit.

What made us lose to Austin? Because we played a team on December 5th, that was at its best, which was as good as our best, and we had to play them while at our worst. It was Amarillo that beat us that day—not Austin. The strain of that Amarillo trip and game, the injuries, the sprains, the broken bones, from which hardly a single man on the team was free—the excitement, the worry, the nervous tension, the sleepless nights of that next week—these are the things that beat us. We put all we had into that fearful Thanksgiving Day game; we came home crippled and exhausted, and there was only the shell of a team left to face Austin for the State Championship. If only we could have played Austin on Thanksgiving Day!

The season from every standpoint was the best the school has ever had. We had better crowds, more enthusiasm, larger gate receipts, met better teams who played better football, than ever before. Our players kept a gratifying average in their studies, and were regarded as gentlemen both at home and abroad by their opponents.

We are going after the State Championship next year. Let every boy in school who can weigh as much as 115 pounds, and can lay claim to an ounce of—stomach, report for practice next September. If you'll do that, and stay with us we'll gather in that little old gonfalon and nail it to our flag pole so far away from South Texas that Austin won't be able to see it with a spy-glass.



History of the North Texas Champs

The greatest and most successful season for North Side on the gridiron, has come and gone and it may be truly said that North Side "Is on the Map." And better still she has covered the greater part with her conquests and threatened—but why talk of what she almost did; listen to what she did do.

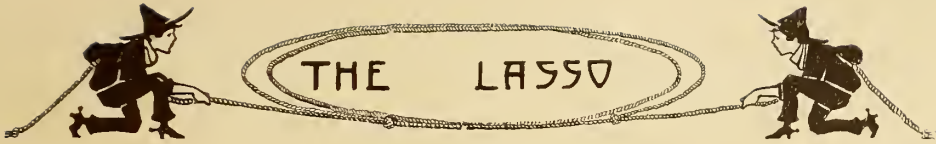
We started out with a new home—"Our School on the hill." We soon got busy and cleared off grounds below the School and got down to the old game. Falling on the ball, tackling, blocking, starting and running. We had the good luck to have the incomparable Chief Myers with us again.

He had lost some good men by graduation—Marsh, Greines, Walthall and Sparks. And the find of '13, Sully Montgomery, had decided to accept his



40 per and watch the game from the grandstand. But we had a good bunch of hopefuls. Among them four two-letter men, Captain McMillin, Minton, Farmer and Mathias; four one-letter men, Weaver, Hopkins, P. Walthall and Robertson, and those whom the '14 Lasso rightly predicted would be ripe this year, Bonham, Brick, Simons and Boswell; and a few Rookies who helped to make the season successful—among them the worthy utility man, Bell; also McDonald and Joyce. The little Red team fell on the ball, tackled and slid on the stubble. O, yes, Mable, there was stubble and lots of it. Before long the challenge came from T. C. U. for a practice game. After getting over our stage fright we settled down to business and held them to a 21 to 7 score. It must be said that Coach Myers' pupils were badly handicapped from lack of practice.

After a week of hard practice we journeyed west to Cisco to do battle with the strong Britton Training School. We would have our gentle reader know



that Britton compares well with such teams as Daniel Baker and Howard Payne. Their team and student body took the game with a High School team merely as a joke. With the exception of our big tackle, Minton, who was out of the game with a bad side, we were in prime condition. But we were going to fight 'em and fight 'em we did. Our line held, our ends tackled and our back field worked. In the words of one who knows, "it looked like a dozen cats and dogs in a barrel" and after the smoke cleared away we had 13, and they had to get some.

Our next game came on the following Tuesday, with the Bryant School. Bryant was laying low trying to catch the "Little Red Team" off guard, but the "old fox" wasn't to be fooled, and when the referee's whistle blew everything was set. 'Tis true our offense was not at its best but our defense was better. Our Midget ends doing valiant service. The McMillin to Mathias forward pass combination was good for two touchdowns and North Side conquered 13 to 0. And Bryant has never scored on North Side. On the following Saturday we were to play Comanche. It will be remembered that these same Indians were the North Texas Champions of '13 and incidentally the only team to defeat North Side that year. And you may be sure the Chief didn't fail to put us through. May it be said right here that we had a tackling dummy and it improved the team's tackling no small per cent. Comanche arrived with practically the same team and—Carpenter. To make a long story short, they kicked off to us and before they had seen the ball we had scored a touchdown. Our defense was at its best that day and our back field ripcracked their line to a frazzle, being assisted by the two mighty tackles, Farmer and Minton. When the referee's whistle blew to stop, the score stood North Side 40, Comanche 0.

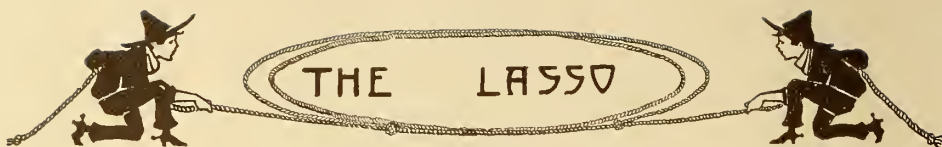
O, sweet revenge.

The following Saturday we were to get our revenge from an old conquerer, Denton. May it be pressed on your feeble mind, Ashur, that North Side had never scored on Denton. 4,000 years ago when Homer was Sporting Editor for The Grecian Gazette, Denton was applying the kalsomine to North Side. But things were different this year. The co-operation idea that Chief had been drilling into our heads took root and grew. The overwhelming victory over Denton was due to team work and harmony among the fellows. Score 81 to 0. That night North Side held her first *shirt tail parade*.

Next came our game with Dallas High. We had defeated them in '13 and they wanted revenge. But Coach Myers saw this in time and put us through such an awful week of hard practice that often my stomach thought my throat was cut. But be that as it may, we journeyed forth and smote the Dallasites to the tune of 27 to 0.

It has been said that this was Senior Day as all of the scoring was done by them; touchdowns, Brick 2, Simons 1, Mathias 1, and Farmer kicked all the goals. Our next game was not to be; we having had a game scheduled with Hillsboro, but for some reason or other it was cancelled. That Saturday being an off day, Chief took his pupils out to camp "Fouleimuthe" in Lake Worth, where training was forgotten but not food. It will be noticed that no team had scored on North Side to date.

Next came the team who was destined to change the above statement.




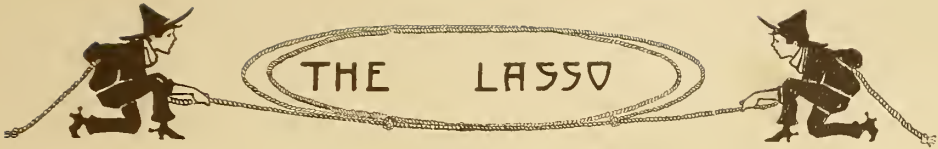
Cleburne brought a team of doubtfuls to do battle with North Side, but like all others they met defeat 32 to 7. Their score was a brilliant affair—an 85-yard run on a muddy field. Brick and Bonham did good work in this game.

After this came the District Championship game, with Oak Cliff. Oak Cliff came to Panther Park full of confidence, having just defeated Dallas High School, her old rival. A large crowd came from Dallas and our rooters were out in full blast. The teams were evenly matched as to size and it could be seen that a brilliant contest was to be had, and again it was the superior team work of the North Side team that conquered 30 to 0.

Good work by Farmer, McMillin and Hopkins added to the victory. The forward pass was used to a great advantage in this game. By defeating Oak Cliff we won the right to meet Amarillo for the North Texas Championship. With Austin resting on her oars after she had won the South Texas Championship from Houston all eyes were turned to the Panhandle game. The Maroon team left the day before Thanksgiving and rode 500 miles and landed in



The old boy even went scalp-
hunting this year. - 



Amarillo to be greeted by a large band of loyal supporters. After a good night's rest and a walk around the town North Side was ready to defend her honors.

The game was called at 3 o'clock and no better place and crowd could be wanted; 2,000 people witnessed the game. The Chief was afraid the high altitude would bother us, so just to see, he made Skete Bell run around the Park until he dropped, thereby finding out how long a man could hold out—noble idea. Amarillo had a wonderful team and it was by no means an easy matter to down them. After the kickoff North Side advanced the ball 50 yards and then lost it on downs. The Amarillos scored on a trick play, with a 50 yard run. The crowd went wild over this advantage, but the Maroon team wasn't to be denied and before the half was over we had scored two touchdowns—one on a pass to Simons and again on a tackle brush by McMillin. In the second half we took the defensive and the game ended 14 to 6. On the last play we tried a place kick, but the ball hit the cross bar and bounded back—Spike declares 'till yet, that the bar was six inches too high.

After the game the Amarillo people showed us some real Western hospitality—and it was ideal—we left Amarillo Friday morning and arrived home that night to a fine welcome by 200 backers and a banquet. We will let the Society Editor tell of that, but we want to say that we appreciate the wonderful spirit of our friends.

Negotiations were quickly opened with Austin for a game to decide the State Championship.

The week following the Amarillo game, old Jupiter Pluvius visited Fort Worth with an over abundance of moisture and only once did North Side practice out of doors. The Coliseum was used for training in damp weather, with the result that Farmer received a badly hurt leg.

Austin finally agreed to come to Fort Worth and the big game was played at Panther Park, December 5.

A crowd of 1,700 people witnessed the game. The Southern Challengers outweighed the Maroon team ten pounds to the man, but North Side's grit was expected to overbalance this advantage. In the first quarter the teams battled to a stand still. In the second quarter Austin scored 16. The game was by no means a one-sided affair as Austin had to fight and fight hard for every inch she gained. The final score stood 23 to 0, with the ball in Austin's territory. North Side was greatly handicapped by injuries to Farmer, McMillin and Bonham.

Our chance for the State Championship has come and gone, but everything looks good for the big honor in 1915.

May the old team take the final step to the Championship of Texas.

We feel very grateful to our Manager, Simons, who arranged a most satisfactory schedule, one without par in Texas High School circles. To Mr. R. L. Myers goes the lion's share of the credit due. His installation of harmony being the chief reason for North Side's many victories.

In nine games North Side scored 250 points; opposition 36.

May 1915 be a hummer.

R. D. M., 1915.

BASKET BALL 1915





Basket Ball

With many of the best basket ball men ineligible on account of the new rules adopted by the Texas Interscholastic Athletic Association, the whole of the schedule arranged by the Manager, Robt. Mathias, could not be played. But many very interesting games were played and much enthusiasm for the game was developed in the younger men. Three very pleasant trips were taken three games out of four being won. On January 17 the team first ventured into foreign territory by playing the soldier boys of Arlington Training School. Not being checked by a defeat in this first game away from home the boys invaded Mineral Wells the following Saturday and registered a game won. A very pretty party was given the visiting team at the "Hexagon" and we nearly lost two of the boys—Bo and Thad not getting back to Fort Worth until the following Monday morning.

With the strongest line-up of the season the team was sent to Dallas on February 5th and 6th. Oak Cliff High was beaten in the best game of the season, with every man playing at his best. Dallas High was played in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium and the story of the 1914 game with them was repeated.

The men who worked valiantly for the glory of North Side High School on the basket ball court are as follows: Jack Farmer, Captain; Robert Mathias, Manager; Alvin McMillin, Thad McDonnell, Clifford McDonnell, Madison Bell, Homer Sanders, Ralph Hopkins, Clement Ryder, D. R. Marsh, Roscoe Minton, Jim Weaver and Paul Walthall. With all of these excellent men except one coming back next year, the prospects are bright for the greatest team that has ever represented a Fort Worth School.

GAMES

Team Played	Opponents' Score	N. S. H. S. Score
Y. M. C. A.	24	21
Bryant School.....	28	16
Masonic Home	6	14
Arlington Training School.....	36	34
Diamond Hill	16	28
T. C. U.....	34	22
Masonic Home	8	28
Diamond Hill	18	26
Y. M. C. A.....	19	35
Mineral Wells	17	34
Oak Cliff High.....	22	28
Dallas High	44	20
Bryant School	26	22

Number of games won 7, lost 6.

THE LASSO



BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM



THE LASSO



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

BASE-BALL '15



THE LASSO



BASEBALL TEAM



Base Ball Season, 1915

At the time the Lasso goes to press the Baseball Team has only played four (4) games losing 2 and winning 2. Because of the loss of one Sully Montgomery, pitchers had to be made, and under conditions said pitchers are going fine. Games have been arranged with Cleburne, Amarillo and Oak Cliff. Besides these games North Side is in a City League consisting of Masonic Home, Bryant, Arlington Training School and Central.

Mr. Myers the Coach, is ably assisted by a willing Mr. Bob Ozee and are doing great things. We, the team and students, thank you Mr. Ozee.

The team lines up, somewhat after this order:

Bonham	(S. S.)
Mathias.....	(C. F.)
Overton	(L. F.)
Minton and Boswell.....	(C)
Weaver	(1st B.)
Dyer	(3rd B.)
Luttrell	(2nd B.)
Bell and Johnson	(R. F.)
Green, Brown, Walthall and C.	
McDowell	(P.)

Among the good utility men are Murphy and Bowers.

R. D. M., 1915.

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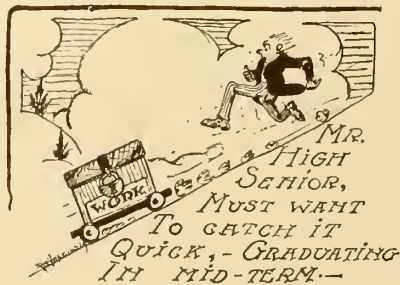
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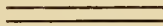


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Jokes

Shirley Brick: Shirley Simons, how many eggs did Caesar eat for breakfast?

Shirley Simons: Et tu (you) Brute.

Miss Bishop (Reading Pancoast): "When Sir Walter Raleigh was taken prisoner, he had four thousand pounds worth of jewels."

Leona (Very Excitedly): Why, how could he walk with two tons of weight on him?

Archie: Mr. Myers, tell us about that lately discovered element, hydrogen monoxide ($H_2 O$).

Mr. Myers: It was first discovered during the reign of King Arthur by two of his subjects, Jack and Jill, but a fatal accident occurred in which Jack lost his footing, fell, and the precious discovery, being carried in a pail without a lid, was spilled and lost to science for thousands of years and—

Class (Sorrowfully): Another one of those ancient tales.

JANUARY 7, 1915

Jack and Robert (Singing): O, we are off to the reservoir.
Without our Ma's per—mis—sion;
The faculty never shall know where,
But we have gone afishin'!

Refrain (Joined by Ralph and Roscoe): O, we are off to the reservoir, etc.

JANUARY 8, 1915

Jack: Bob, what makes this sick feeling around my heart?

Bob: Don't come to me with your troubles; I have enough of my own.

Modrell Overton (In Physics Class): Mr. Clark, do you know there can be a noise so shrill that it cannot be heard?

Mr. Clark (frowning): Sure. Make one.

vOat fer
aLfReD FouGhT
FeR
toun fiDdEliEr
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Martitia: Ida, who killed Caesar?

Ida: I don't know whether it was Bacon or Bunyan.

Martitia: O, Dickens, it was Cornplasters.

Notice! !

A Lecture at the Chamber of Commerce

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A SHORT STORY

Algy met a bear;

The bear was bulgy;

The bulge was Algy!

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When our Professor Bob lived in Wooster,

He hitched up a cow and a rooster.

"This dadgasted team,"

He remarked, "is a scream,

And I'll tear up more ground than I uster."

There is an old man in Marine,

Who bought him a fine Ford machine;

Now everybody thinks

He has money in banks,

But he can't buy gasoline.

Miss Eppler: Bring me that chewing gum you have Della B.

Della B.: You wouldn't like it; it's not the flavor you chew.

Lester Watson: Mr. Myers, is potash a disease?

Mr. Myers (Looking For a Brick): No, you idiot. What are you trying to start?

Lester: Well, what does it mean by I—dide of Potash?

Scott to Bob: Pick this splinter out of my hand.

Bob: What on earth have you been doing, scratching your head?

Miss Bishop: Jack, please correct this sentence. The swell young gent was well dressed.

Jack: The inflated young gentleman was neatly attired.

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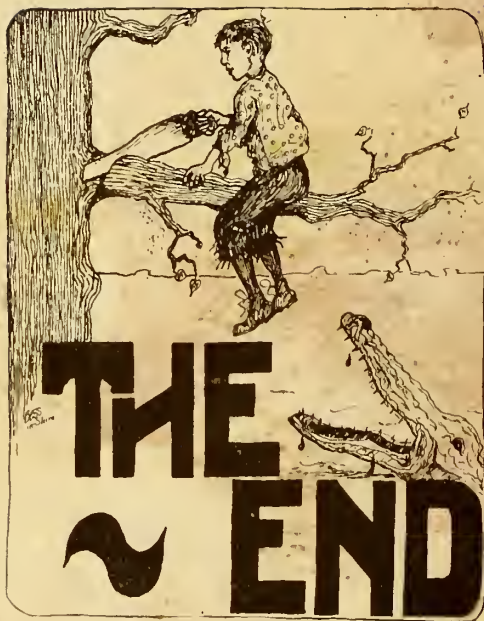
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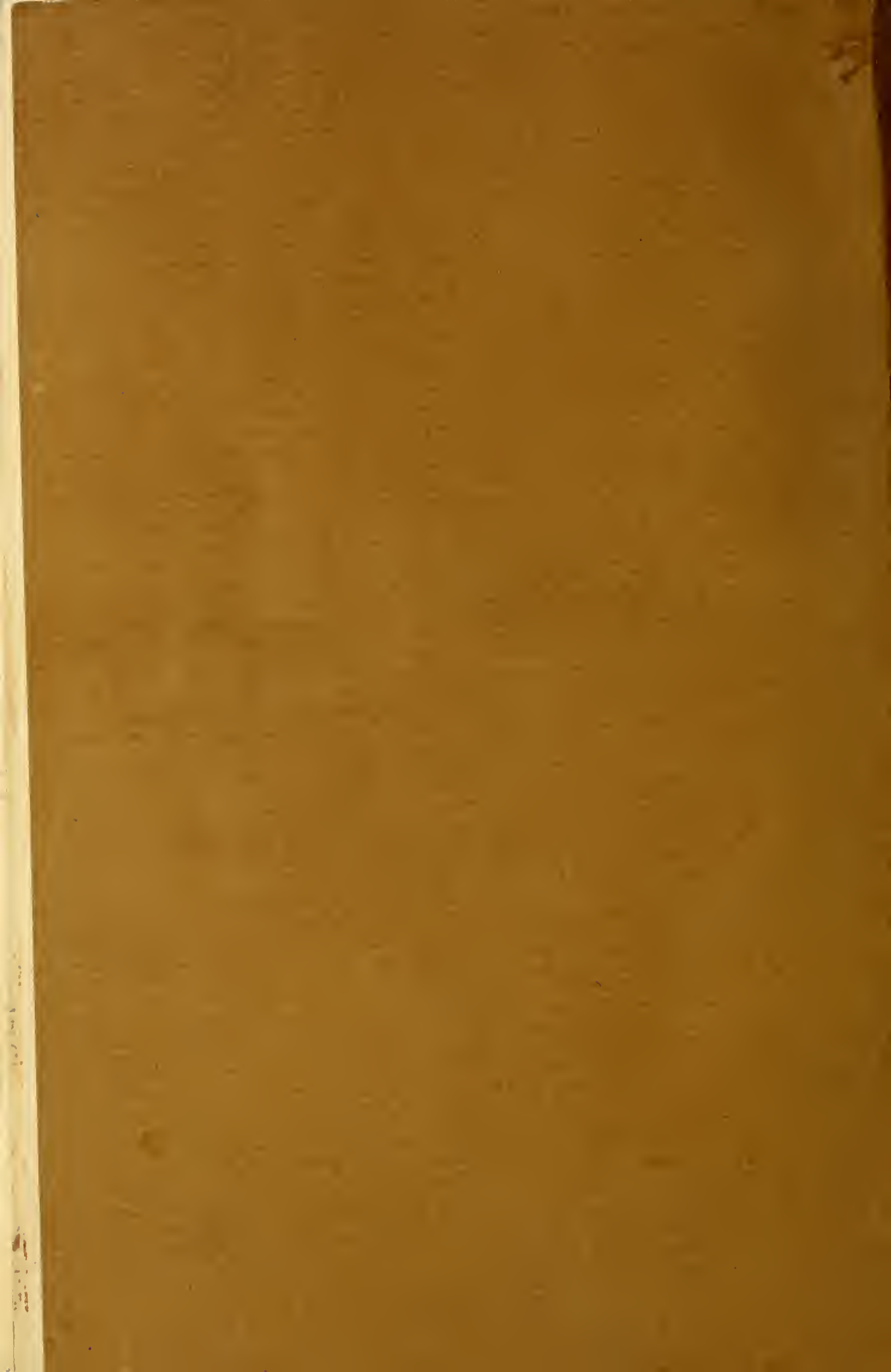
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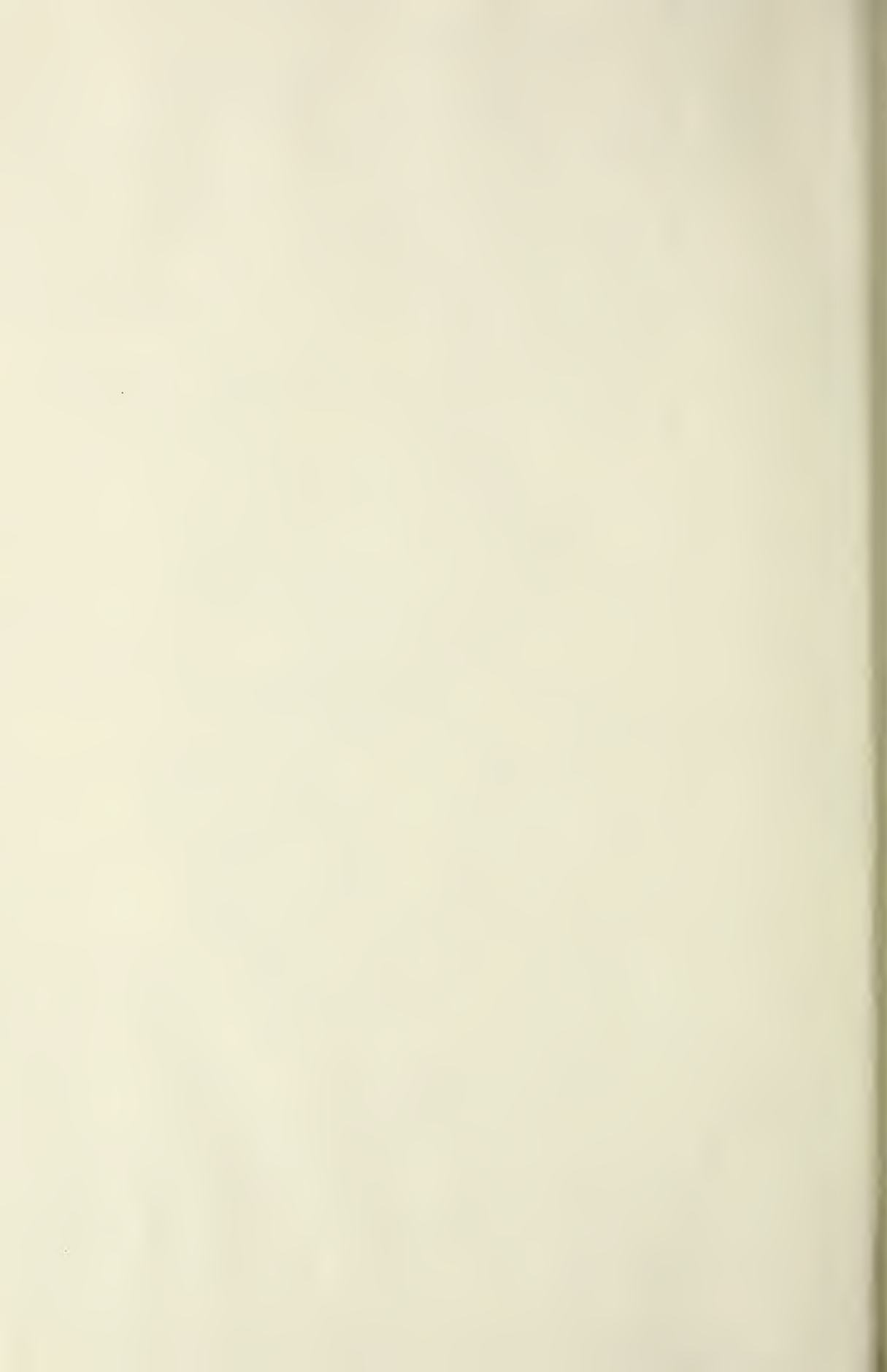
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